

MEN 18 TO 45—The Boston AMERICAN will reprint in all editions Monday the COMPLETE QUESTIONNAIRE for the NEW DRAFT. Get it and study it carefully. The questionnaire was printed exclusively in the AMERICAN last Wednesday. It is being reprinted for the benefit of the public because of a large number of requests. The AMERICAN will also run from day to day articles giving official information on how to answer the questions in the questionnaire.

CASUALTY LISTS CONTAIN ONLY 293 NAMES

Washington, Sept. 7.—Two of the shortest casualty lists yet issued came out today with but 293 names of those only 21 were from New England and 16 from Massachusetts. The lists were divided as follows: Killed in action, 27; missing in action, 15; wounded severely, 161; died of wounds, 13; died from accident, etc., 5; wounded, degree undetermined, 49; wounded slightly, 1. Officers on both today's lists are:

OFFICERS.

KILLED IN ACTION.

CAPTAIN Joseph E. Davis, Reister, N. Y.

DIED OF WOUNDS.

LIEUTENANT Alan C. Clark, No. 543 Boylston street, Boston.

LIEUTENANT Andrew V. Reisel, Pinehurst, Wash.

LIEUTENANT Henry Howard Houston, Philadelphia.

WOUNDED SEVERELY.

LIEUTENANT John E. Thomas, Whitford, Pa.

LIEUTENANT Stephen P. Jackson, Brookline, N. Y.

LIEUTENANT Charles W. Pease, New Richmond, Ind.

WOUNDED SLIGHTLY.

LIEUTENANT Laurence H. Richmond, Fortville, Va.

LIEUTENANT William E. Park, New Bedford, Pa.

MISSING IN ACTION.

LIEUTENANT Philip L. Rennie, N. Y.

LIEUTENANT John H. Stevens, Albion, N. Y.

EXCLUSIVE OF OFFICERS THE NEW ENGLAND NAMES ON BOTH LISTS ARE:

MASSACHUSETTS.

KILLED IN ACTION.

PRIVATE Stanislas Anderson, Webster.

PRIVATE Carl J. Lindberg, Worcester.

DIED OF WOUNDS.

PRIVATE Amory Pollard Sawyer, North Brookfield.

DIED OF ACCIDENT.

PRIVATE William T. Peters, No. 44 Walden street, Jamaica Plain.

WOUNDED SEVERELY.

CORPORAL William A. Peavine, Jr., No. 418 Center street, Jamaica Plain.

WOUNDED SLIGHTLY.

PRIVATE Edward F. McLaughlin, Prospect avenue, Charlestown.

CORPORAL Constantine Kallianos, No. 155 Albany street, Boston.

PRIVATE Robert B. Komer, Randolph.

PRIVATE Alfred J. Demers, Worcester.

PRIVATE Raymond J. Ackerman, Framingham.

PRIVATE Robert H. Barker, West Bridge water.

PRIVATE John R. Johnson, West Abington.

PRIVATE Alfred H. West, Warren.

WOUNDED (degree undetermined).

CORPORAL Stanley Sogushki, No. 21 Fenmore street, Chelsea.

RHODE ISLAND.

WOUNDED (degree undetermined).

CORPORAL Frank Tella, Providence.

CONNECTICUT.

WOUNDED SEVERELY.

CORPORAL James Agnew, Bridgeport.

WOUNDED SLIGHTLY.

PRIVATE Henry V. Newman, East Haven.

PRIVATE Charles Vincent, Plainfield.

WOUNDED (degree undetermined).

PRIVATE Joseph B. Sullivan, Waterbury.

NEW SCHOOL FOR THE

BAYONET AT AYER

Camp Devens, Sept. 7.—Soldiers have been posted in all barracks today announcing that a course of training in bayonet fighting will begin Monday. The class will include a non-commissioned officer from each company, supply company and machine gun company of the four infantry regiments of the 12th Division. The non-commissioned officer from each company of the 31st and 32nd machine gun battalions.

Need Boys and Girls to Collect Peach Stones for Army

The AMERICAN wants boys and girls to volunteer to help in the drive to collect peach stones for the United States Government. These peach stones go into the manufacture of gas masks and save soldiers' lives.

Two hundred stones make one gas mask.

The AMERICAN will furnish bags and identification buttons to collectors.

Those in Greater Boston come to the AMERICAN office for them.

Outside the city they will be sent.

Collect only DRY PEACH STONES. Wet ones won't do.

Everybody, save peach stones and help save a soldier.

Address Peach Stones Editor, Boston AMERICAN.

American Woolen Company

(Massachusetts Corporation)

QUARTERLY DIVIDENDS.

Notice is hereby given that the regular quarterly dividend of One Dollar and Twenty Cents (\$1.20) per share on the Preferred Stock and One Dollar and Twenty Cents (\$1.20) per share on the Common Stock will be paid on October 15, 1918, to the stockholders of record on September 15, 1918.

Transfer books will be closed at the close of business Sept. 10, 1918, and will be re-opened at the opening of business Sept. 21, 1918.

WM. H. DWELLS, Treasurer.

Boston, Sept. 6, 1918.

DRIVE FOR PEACH STONES WINS SUPPORT

It was a peach!

Referring, of course, to the AMERICAN drive to collect peach stones for the government to go into the making of gas masks.

The AMERICAN is placing the force of its publicity campaign on the drive to aid in this section in the country-wide drive which is about to be made for peach stones. These stones are made into carbon to go into gas masks for soldiers.

The AMERICAN appeal to boys to gather peach stones brought instant action on the part of Boston's patriotic youth.

Lieutenant King had read the AMERICAN appeal for peach stones and he came in to tell the Peach Stones Editor something about gas masks and their value to the soldier.

Lieutenant King has just come back from the trenches. He knows something about gas masks. This is what he says:

"An old man is the best friend the soldier has, and not only that, but he is not allowed to go to the front without one. It is a regulation of the service."

Every little while this fellow sends over a gas mask and the soldier who has it, a gas mask on his back, comes back from the trenches. He knows something about gas masks. This is what he says:

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Jordan Marsh
Company

A Complete Presentation of Beautiful Fall Fashions

Jordan Marsh
Company

The Keynote of which is dignity of line, simplicity of style, dependable materials and thoroughly good workmanship

New Suits Hats New Coats

Practical suits for the business woman—Dressy going-away suits for the bride—Exclusive suits for the dignified woman—

Hundreds of distinctive new models French Hats, reproductions and original designs from our own workrooms.

Choose from these big complete assortments—carefully selected as to quality of materials and thoroughly good tailoring—

10.50 to 45.00

Note the Dressy Suede Velour Suit sketched—the wide seven-inch belt extends from underarm to underarm, is a novel feature. Full rich shank fur is used for the trimming on this burgundy colored suit, 125.00

New Suits at 35.00

A belted Broadcloth Suit is much admired, with two-yard ripple pleum and a velvet inlaid collar. Skirt is a straight line model, with comfortable walking width around bottom. Another model is a Tailleur Oxford Melton Suit, with braided edge.

New Suits at 45.00

Silvertone Tailleur Suits—two models, one with wide belt and convertible collar—the other a straight line model, so much called for this season; all shades.

Other fall suits 25.00, 29.50, 35.00, up to 250.00

New Skirts

Plaids, stripes, in alluring color combinations, as well as the ever smart black and white effects

New Wool Plaid and Stripe Skirts, plaited models in full colorings, side and box pleated effects. 18.50.

New Plaid and Check Pleated Skirts—green and blue effects—each separate belt. 8.75

New Striped Faille Silk Dress Skirts in black—box pleated models. 13.50

New Black Satin Skirts for dress wear, with fringe trimming, new plain models. 30.00

Women's Extra Size Skirts, unusually smart models in refined all-wool plaids and stripes, also tailored, with new belt and pocket effects. Prices 10.75, 12.50, 15.00 to 35.00. Sizes of belts 36 to 44.

New Gowns

The materials are serge, jersey, satin and tricotette; the styles are mandarin, loose panels and straight line, with new neck lines and fringe trimmings.

Gowns of Tricotette—laure, black, brown, ox-blood, reindeer and African brown, long lines, loose panel backs and two-toned effects, 65.00 to 125.00.

Individual Gowns of satin, tricotette, tricotette, serge and chiffon, also Many beautifully fur trimmed, 75.00 to 165.00.

Gowns of Black, Navy and Taupe Satin, beautifully headed, with large sash, straight-line model. Special at 45.00.

Serge Gowns—splendidly tailored models, in fine quality serges; 30 new models to select from; priced at 15.00 to 50.00.

New Jersey Gowns—finely tailored models, straight lines, loose panel backs; also belted styles. Navy, taupe, beige gray, purple, kangaroo, beaver, 25.00 to 45.00.

Women's Extra Size Dresser, Afternoon Dresses of satins, crepe mater, Georgette crepe, some exquisitely beaded models, and long line effects, 25.00, 29.50 to 95.00

Of special interest. Our windows this week are devoted to a most wonderful showing of Fall Fashions.

Jordan Marsh Company

Smart Cloth-Topped Shoes for Women

Cloth tops are the smart Fall note—incidentally the conservation note, too.

Women's Patent Leather or Gun Metal Vamp, Beige Color Cloth Top Shoes—Well sole, Cuban heels. 9.00.

Women's Brown Russia Calf Vamp, Beige Color Cloth Top Shoes—Well sole, Cuban heels. 9.50.

Women's Brown Kid Vamp, Imitation Wing Tip, Brown Cloth Top Shoes—Military heel. 6.50.

A Complete Stock Brown Russia Calf Lace Boots—Variety of toes. 9.00 to 11.00.

Hale States the Issue

The Senator Calls Upon the Men of Maine to Repudiate Woodrow Wilson. Unless We Are Mistaken, the Men of Maine Will Reject Senator Hale's Advice.

Senator Frederick Hale of Maine has sent to the Republican campaign managers of that State a telegram which can only be interpreted as an appeal to Maine voters to subordinate State issues and cast as many votes for the Republican candidates as possible, in order that their election by large or increased majorities may be interpreted by the nation as a vote of lack of confidence in the administration of President Wilson.

Well, then, so be it. The friends of the administration welcome the issue and ask nothing better than that the people of Maine should, indeed, forget for the moment everything but their opportunity of proving to the country that they are capable, in crises like the present, of rising above merely partisan considerations, and that they share with the rest of the civilized world in the respect and admiration that the Wilson administration has won by its statesmanlike treatment of the problems which the war has raised at home and abroad, and by the wonderful celerity with which the nation has been enabled to make its giant strength felt upon the western battle-front.

It is incredible that the voters of Maine should not share the thrill of pride which every loyal American feels in knowing that, the world over, the name of Wilson is now linked with the names of Washington and Lincoln as the three men who have made America the cradle, the torch-bearer, and now the final hope and bulwark of liberty and democracy. Only then fully realize that this is to be the cardinal issue of the September election and there will no longer be any doubt of the result.

The AMERICAN therefore heartily seconds Senator Hale's appeal and says with him to the people of Maine: "Vote for the Republican candidates if you wish to condemn President Wilson and his war administration. Vote for the Democratic candidates if you approve and are proud of the administration's war record."

McAdoo and the Railroad Politicians

What a Revolution in Favor of Democracy From the Time When a Few Men Controlled the Destinies of the Various States of the Union!

Director-General McAdoo, whom President Wilson designated as the governor of our great American railroad system, after the government under an act of Congress took possession of the railroads, has just issued instructions to all the employes, officials and attorneys of our railroads that they must absolutely keep out of politics of every sort and description.

What a revolution in favor of democracy!

Scarcely had Director-General McAdoo taken control of the railroads than he cut off from the payrolls all the railroad lobbyists who had infested our legislative halls for several generations, controlling and corrupting our legislative bodies, disgracing and endangering our American experiment in democracy.

What a change from the very recent days when the railroads under private management absolutely controlled our political destinies, suffering as the most invincible armies now and then suffer an occasional defeat, but never a permanent setback! What a change from the time that Lucius Tuttle, as president of the Boston & Maine, controlled the political life of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, raising up and casting down at his whim members of Legislatures, Governors and United States Senators, while the American people fooled themselves in the childish belief that their government was a government "of, for and by the people." The late Senator Chandler of New Hampshire, one of the most distinguished men of the nation in public life, was thrown out of office on orders from Mr. Tuttle for the most inconsequential exhibition of independence.

What a change from the day when in Massachusetts the combined lobby of the Boston & Maine, Boston & Albany, New York, New Haven & Hartford, the Boston Elevated, the Bay State Street Railway and a few gas and electric light companies controlled this State with less effort than the German autocracy controls Germany! What a change from the day when the politicians in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont took orders from Lucius Tuttle, Lucius Tuttle took orders from Charles S. Mellen, and Charles S. Mellen took orders from J. Pierpont Morgan!

What a change from the time when E. H. Harriman could sit in his office in New York and by telegraph or letter or telephone govern nearly every southwestern State from Mississippi to California, and the Goulds by the same token could govern the States in the territories served by their railroads, and the Morgans and Hills could govern the States in the Northwest, while the Vanderbilts and the Rockefellers and the Morgans and the Ryans controlled the Eastern States! What a change from the day when this baker's dozen of men controlled the entire United States, "the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

It is high time that this change came. We were rapidly developing that deadly disease in our body politic which has destroyed every democracy and every form of government by the people since the beginning of time, a disease which comes from the concentration of wealth in the hands of a few, wealth acquired by the corrupt use of wealth in securing political power and the consequent privileges which are flished from the people by political power thus obtained. Already a few thousand men have gathered into their hands more than one-half the wealth of the nation. No such condition as that could long continue without the abandonment even of the pretence of democracy and self-government.

Little by little Mr. McAdoo is cleaning up the railroad situation and making the operation of these powerful instruments of modern civilization safe for democracy. The Director-General likes to quote a Latin phrase which we think originated in one of Cicero's letters. It is *FESTINA LENTE*, make haste slowly. Mr. McAdoo's progress with the railroads illustrates the virtue of the motto.

Don't Forget Your Card

By T. E. Powers



MRS. WILSON WOODROW'S ARTICLE

Here's a Fat Man's Kick and a Reply; He Complains Because He Cannot Find a Companion of the Opposite Sex; That They Make Fun of His Obesity

By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow

THERE are sayings which pass current so long that they come to be accepted as axioms. Then a Shaw or a Chesterton, lazily winging by, chances to cyp one of them, swoops down upon it, and good-by axiom. It is turned inside out, or wrong end in, and the emptiness of its pretensions fully exposed. And after a momentary catch of the breath at the audacity of the proceeding, we all promptly reverse ourselves, and murmur: "Why, of course. That was just a bit of persiflage. No one ever really believed it."

Some ten or eleven years ago—it may have been longer, and probably some Egyptologist will arise to confound me by citing a hieroglyph of the reign of Hammurabi II, which is my best information is that but my best employed as a catch-line for Maxine Arden in the "The Roundup"—the phrase crept into common usage, "Nobody loves a fat man."

Applied to Real Life

And one of my correspondents, possibly ascribing to me with undue flattery the possession of shavian and Chestertonian powers, has asked me to confute it. He is twenty-one, he writes me, and being stout, has had his life made miserable by that accursed quip. He finds it impossible to have a young lady companion. They all pass him up. And when he seeks the reason, the only answer he can get is the hackneyed assertion about the lovelessness of obesity.

In the name of suffering humanity, he asks me, will I not puncture this widespread fallacy, and at the same time say a kindly word in favor of the fat?

Nothing easier. Granted that for stage and screen and fiction purposes, except in opera, the public demands a sylphlike hero and heroine, and that thereby our favorites of both the spoken drama and the films' ought to much rather in

the way of bantering, dieting and exercise. One cannot well imagine a beefy Romeo; and a Juliet who tips the beam at over one hundred and twenty pounds would not only offend our artistic sensibilities, but her flimsy balcony. Our Violas must be gracefully bony, our Rosalinds svelte and slender as the dappled deer.

Nevertheless, in real life, I have never observed that added weight seemed any especial handicap for the matrimonial ladder.

Some Fine Points

In my personal acquaintance, ship, all my friends are mar-

ried, even to the 350 pounds of pink and white femininity whom I once met at a circus, and I think, with possibly a few exceptions, this is the general rule. Roughly speaking, it is the lean who are the single.

And perhaps for this, as the advertisements say, there's a reason. Fat people are almost uniformly amiable, easy-going and good-humored—all extremely desirable qualities in married life. Temperamental Henry may be a more impassioned and contentious editor, but when it comes down to the test of daily companionship, the stout husband probably wears better.

The fat man, too, is almost always popular—a genial companionable soul with a hearty laugh and a keen enjoyment of all the good things of life—seldom mean, stingy or avaricious, seldom moody, seldom faultfinding or irritable; a generous and dependable husband, an indulgent father, a fast and faithful friend.

Nobody loves a fat man? What rot. Why, everybody has a fondness for him, an unshakable confidence in his good will and sterling worth. It is your lean and hungry Casius that one instinctively mistrusts and doubts and more often than not actually dislikes.

Interesting Question

And that, by the way, raises an interesting question: Are these people good-tempered and kindly because they are plump, or plump because they are kindly and good-tempered? May it not readily be that their largeness of nature expresses itself and gives an outward and visible sign in their broadening silhouettes? Certainly it is that I never knew a stender person of amiable and benevolent disposition who, if put to the question, did not confess that he had to fight a constant tendency to the putting on of flesh.

Yet as every virtue has its accompanying faults, the stout are likely to become lazy, gross and slabby-sided; and that kind of a fat man, I will admit, nobody loves. One may jest with a Falstaff or be amused at his antics, but you would never be particularly proud of his acquaintance.

And certainly my correspondent need not despair. I know nothing of him except that he is fat and twenty-one. But if he has no physical disability or valid claim to exemption, he may take his place among the fighting men where he belongs. The training will soon reduce his proportions, and the khaki he will find is a passport to any woman's heart.

ENTHUSIASM

By BILL STINGER

WHAT makes a man or nation win—

Enthusiasm

What is a power and always has been—

Enthusiasm

What makes a fellow go on with the fight

When all his friends say his chances are slight—

What keeps his spirit at his cheer and bright—

Enthusiasm

What makes Edison work night and day—

Enthusiasm

What makes him stand like a light by the way—

Enthusiasm

What made the soul of the pioneer great—

Enthusiasm

What turned aside the sharp arrows of Fate—

Enthusiasm

What will win out "over there" in France—

Enthusiasm

What conquers every hard circumstance—

Enthusiasm

What do the Kaiser and junkers most fear

What may be inspired in great measure here—

What will cost the enemy dear—

Enthusiasm

What are they trying to kill in our land—

Enthusiasm

What will make him the pro-German band—

Enthusiasm

What will make us united and strong—

Enthusiasm

What will nerve our arms against wrong—

Enthusiasm

What will give us the victor's song—

Enthusiasm

Mata Hari's Own Spy Story

Long-Awaited Confession of Javanese Temple Dancer, Who Was Executed by Paris Firing Squad, Begins in Tomorrow's Boston Sunday ADVERTISER and AMERICAN—Surgeon-General Gorgas on Protection of Our Soldiers' Health—T. P. O'Connor Sees the "Great Hour"—Picture of Pershing—"Ned" French Tells Why He Joined the Tank Corps—All War News.

"Eye-of-the-Morning" speaks. She is—or she was—Mata Hari. That is what her Javanese name means in English.

An eastern temple dancer of seductive charm and unbounded ambition, Mata Hari blazed her scintillating way across the jaded paths of London and Paris society.

The German spy system, with infinite cunning, converted her to its uses. Maybe Prussian gold and promise of high place were used. So Mata Hari ventured the hazard of espionage.

Wonderful adventures and coils of intrigue followed. But it all ended before a French firing squad in the dawn of a bleak November day at Vincennes.

When she realized that she was to be shot as a German spy, Mata Hari began writing her confession or story of her life as a spy. She began with her girlhood life in spice-laden Java. She gave in detail her entry into German spy work. She described the tortuous meshes and mazes of the Wilhelmstrasse system. Her confession formed an amazing, high incomprehensible tale.

Mata Hari's own story sheds illuminating light upon the espionage phase of the world war. It exceeds all spy stories hitherto told. The opening instalment tomorrow starts with Java and its temples and takes the reader right up to Mata Hari's first meeting with Wilhelmstrasse agents.

We are keen on the military health question. It is not only for the sake of our general fighting efficiency. There's a personal interest.

"Jim" is in the army. Mother likes to learn all she can about the way Uncle Sam takes care of his soldiers. Multiply that case by tens of thousands of soldiers and mothers and fathers and sisters and sweethearts. Then you get an idea of the nation-wide interest in the question.

Surgeon-General William C. Gorgas, Uncle Sam's head doctor, for his fighting family, tells tomorrow just what the government is doing to keep up the soldier's health, how doctors with \$50,000 practices have sacrificed home, income and comforts to help in the medical corps, and how the soldier's health is safeguarded in every possible way.

We hear tomorrow, too, from T. P. O'Connor. His interview with President Wilson.

How this is a great hour, but not the greatest hour, for men of Irish blood in this country.

His interviews with captains of industry of Irish blood.

Mr. O'Connor says: "A good many persons believe that the men of Irish blood in this country are all politicians, but they are not."

And he explains why. Timely reading, this T. P. article.

Ever hear of LaCade, Mo.?

Only the birthplace of General John J. Pershing, commander-in-chief of all our fighting men on the western front. That's all.

These gains that the Americans are making in France are mighty appropriate now as compliments to the general.

Why? Because he will be fifty-eight years old next Friday, the Thirteenth. No jinx there, what!

The general from Missouri (in more senses than one) will figure considerably in tomorrow's paper. There will be a page story of his life, with some lively anecdotes.

A SPLENDID PICTURE OF GENERAL PERSHING WILL BE PUBLISHED IN THE ROTOGRAVURE SECTION, SUITABLE FOR FRAMING.

While we are on the military subject let us assure our readers that the Sunday ADVERTISER and AMERICAN carries all the war news in most readable form. The continued advance of the allies in France is significant. Von Hindenburg, in a warning to the German people, admits that the present battle is a "decisive one."

It is of first importance to have complete and clear reports of the progress of the fighting, such as is presented in the ADVERTISER and AMERICAN.

War songs are songs of triumph now. There will be more war songs tomorrow, stirring ones with swing and uplift. One is "The Cadence Rag," by Lieutenant Abel H. Baer, the Chelsea youth who has been home on a ten-day furlough from Camp Lee, Va.

Latest dispatches from the Chicago "front." You know—World's Series—Red Sox vs. Cubs—play by play and special stories.

Boston has extra interest in this series, not only because the Red Sox are on one end of it, but also on account of Manager Fred Mitchell of the Cubs. "Ned" is a Greater Boston chnp and was assistant manager of the Braves under Stallings when the Braves took four straight and a World's Series from the Athletics back in 1914.

Edward Tuck French of romance fame—a double article: 1. Why He Joined the Tank Corps.

2. "The Patriotic End of My Elopement."

A full page, with pictures of "Ned," his bride, "Tot," and sundry relatives of "Ned."

Other feature articles will include: Another girl-and-soldier drawing in colors by Howard Chandler Christy, "The Stirrup Cup."

"Can Germany Replace Her Wasted Population by Imperial Decree?"

Carsuo's newest love duet—What He Gets; What She Gets. Double-page instalment, with pictures, of Turkish atrocities in Armenia.

Gil Patten's serial story, "The Enchanted Hour," a tale of love, mystery and war.

Lady Duff Gordon's fashion page, "Tea and Afternoon Gowns" (in colors).

Ha, ha! Those "funniest" The Comic Section is a rolling barrage of laughter—Bringing Up Father, the Shenanigan Kids, Boob McNutt and the Dobb Family.

It is to chuckle.

IN THE MEANTIME—ORDER YOUR PAPER TODAY TO MAKE SURE OF IT TOMORROW.